

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, November 4. 1710.

THE Review of this Day, is always Consecrated to the Memory of the Glorious King *William*: 'Tis a Debt to his Name, not to make it Immortal, *that his own Merits has done; no Thanks to us,* but to make our Remembrance of it Immortal; a Debt, that I am almost alone in paying, to the Name of an ungrateful Nation be it spoken: a Debt, due from every *British* Protestant, and which the best of them blush most that it is so ill discharged.

It is true, we have for Twenty Years, reap'd the Benefit of his Hazards, the Fruits of his Labours, the Advantages of his Cares, with little or no regard to the Author; his Name has been every Year

more and more forgotten; his Memory every Year more and more neglected, till we began to hear with Patience, his Name sullied with the black foul Breath of *Hollish* Slander; the Dogs bark'd at him when Dead, who wag'd their Tails, and sav'd upon him when alive; the Cowardly Party, that durst not look in his Face when here, that Cring'd to his Feet, and lick'd the Dust he trod on — now insult his Name — This we can sit still, hear with Patience, and never say *Peace Villain!* hush — Left Justice wakes, and strike you Dead, as you deserve.

And now Heaven seems to Threaten you; that you shall have cause to remember your ungrateful Behaviour, in the Case of King *William*,

William, in letting that *abhor'd Spirit* of
Debauch that he deliver'd you from, re-
 turn upon you : and in giving you up to
 that very *Slavery*, out of which *Power*
 he deliver'd you.

A Justice of Compass ? A Right-riding
Madness *Triumph* ? Are your *Eme-*
nities, the *French*, *Bleasted* with now *Hop-
 Your friends* filled with *Apprehensions* ?
 Is *Tyranny* in View from a *Party*, *own*
Tyrannic Principles ? Have you just
Thank your *Toleration*, for your *Prote-*
stant Union, and your *signified* *Successi-*
on ? — Look back, *Gentlemen*, to the
 Hand that sav'd you : Who was the Man
 that *Ransom'd* you from *Bondage* ? That
 would you *from* a *Generation*, which was
 for an entire *Mediation* of all your *Liberties* ?
 Was it not *King William* ? — Who,
after all he had done, you forgot ; so that
 to be Loaded with the *Reproach* of your
Crimes, and whom having sav'd you a-
 gainst your *Wills*, you fight against your
Interests, and against your *Safety*.

And why in the *Memory* of *King William*
 forgotten, *Trampled upon*, and *Slighted* ?
 Two Things are the *Original* of this In-
 gratitude : 1. The *Division* of *Interests*
 that *Regiment* us, and the *Ignorance*
 of the *Value* of *Liberty* ; and two *sort* of
 People, have that *Guilt* to Answer us ;
 1. — The *Party*, that gorg'd with their
Happiness, *Liberty*, and surfeited with the
Consequences of it, viz. *Plenty* and *Ease*,
 grew sick of their *Blessings*, and like *Sto-*
cks, *Murmur'd* and *Kick'd* at the *Hand*
 that *procur'd* them ; a sort of true-born
Englishmen.

————— Who with their *sluggish* *Courts*,
 Always abuse their *Benefactors* *Gift*.

These are one sort of Men, that slight
 and forget the Author of their *Liberty*,
 even while they enjoy it — They have
 the *Gift*, and what care they who it came
 by, by what *Hand*, or at what *Price* ; the
 mighty *Promises* of *Gratitude* for a *Favour*,
 always go before the *Favour* ; but when
 the Thing is obtain'd, and the *Work* done,
 then, like the late *Army* in *King Charles II*
Days,

Quoth *King* to his new-rai'd *Troops* of *Horse*
 I have done with you now, you may kiss. . .

Favours pass, like a *Moriel* when it is
 eaten, we always grudge to acknowledge
 the one, as pay for the other ; those that
 have grown fat upon the *Pasture* of the
Revolution, that would before have given
 one half, to have sav'd the other ; and ha-
 ving all their wishes answer'd, have now
 forgot so much as the very *Wishes*, forgot
 the *Want*, and by *Consequence*, forgot
 the *Supply* ; these are the *Sons* of *Grati-*
tude, who, to the *Scandal* of the very *En-*
lish Name, when they were grown full,
 and sat with the *Mercy*, forgot the *Hand*
Heaven thought fit to give it by — A
 certain *Token*, they never had a true relish
 of the *Gift* — And, 2. That joins the
 (*Second*) kind of those, who slight the *Mem-*
ory of this *Glorious Monarch*, viz. Those
 who have no *Tast* of *Revolution* *Privi-*
leges, and having no *Sense* of *Slavery*,
 by *Consequence* have no *Sense* of *Liberty* —
 These took the *Blessing*, but never took it
 as a *Blessing*, or esteem'd it as such —
 These *Passive* kind of *Brutes*, as they were
 insensible of the *Transition*, so they can-
 not lay due weight upon the *Consequences*.

But to let both these kind of *Brutes* alone,
 as *Stupid*, *Senseless*, and past *Instruction* ; I
 am not so much speaking to them. But
 what shall we say to a kind of People a-
 mong us, who have cry'd up this *Hero*, been
 as *Zealous* as any Man, for *King William*,
 acknowledg'd his *Merit*, and the *Debt* the
 whole *Nation* ow'd him, (which, by the
 way, they will never pay) but now turn-
 ing with a *Flood* of *Party Fury* — Alas !
 they forget it all again — These are the
Monsters of their *Country*, which no Man
 knows how to describe ; blindness from
Heaven possesses them, and what they saw
 Yesterday, they can't see to Day, and will
 see just contrary to Morrow.

And what did *King William* do for us,
 say these *Wretches* ? — I'll tell you what
 he did for us — He sav'd you, that
 have no *Sense* of it, equally with us that
 have — At *Heaven* Causes his *Sen* to shine
 upon the *just*, and upon the *unjust*, so the
King's Influence gave you the same *Advan-*
 tage

rage that it did us; You! you Ingrateful! you Forgetful! — You liv'd under the shelter of his Power, Protected from Violence, while you neither sought, or indeed understood the Protection you enjoy'd.

And shall I look towards the present Posture of Things? — Is it not owing to King William, that the present Generation are withheld from Ruining us all? Whether would the Temper of this Age carry us? What Extravagancies would not the Madness and Fury of the Common People lead us into, at this Time? But Heaven, that sent us King William, appointed that his very Memory should revive; by this, his Influence was reserv'd for such a Day as this; now we see the great Things he did for us; for such is the Force of the Revolution which he wrought, such the Consequences of the Deliverance that he procur'd, that the Poor, Mad, Deluded Generation, cannot do themselves the hurt they design, cannot Ruin themselves, cannot bring that Slavery upon themselves, which they blindly seek.

The Declaration of our great Deliverer, very well express'd this in his first Design, viz. *To Establish the Liberties and Constitution of England, as it should not be in the Power of Wicked Counsellors for the future, to Undermine, or overthrow it; vize the Prince of Orange's Declaration, State Tracts, Vol. 1. fol.* This is the Reason and Foundation, from whence I have so much talk'd to you, that our New Ministry, and New Parliament, be they what they will by Inclination, must be *Whigs* when they come to Act — They must by the Necessity and Consequence of the Revolution; and it is in vain for them to Resist that Necessity; the Revolution is a Circle, that embraces them round; if they once step out of it, the Charm is so strong, they turn delirious, fall Dead as to Acting, and have no more Power to stir Hand or Foot.

No Ministry can overturn this Settlement, no Parliament can Vote it down; they must first Dethrone the Queen, restore Popery, and dissolve the Succession; and let us see who is the Man that dare

own his design to do any of these, let him be in what Office, or Place of Administration soever — This is our present Hope, this is our Safety, under the Lunacies and Possessions of the present Time — So that when Rabbles insult us, pull down our Meeting-Houses, break our Windows, and cry Damn all the *Presbyterians* — We may say to one another, come, come, be easie, they cannot pull down the Revolution. When *Higb-Flyers* are put in, and Honest Men driven from the Post-Books, by the Fury of the Street; when *Tories* are return'd to Parliament, and Mad-Men trusted with the Liberties of their Country — We still say to one another, let us be easie, they cannot pull down the Revolution.

And how came this Revolution? How came it to be settled so fast, and the Links of the Chain to be so firm? How came it to fix our present Constitution on such an immoveable Foundation? — *Blessed King WILLIAM!* — How came the Interest of the Pretender, not only to be brought down, but to be render'd Impracticable, Violence excepted? How came the Crown settled upon the Head of her present Majesty, to the infinite Satisfaction of all her Loyal, Protestant Subjects, and in opposition to a Spurious and Popish Race? *Glorious King WILLIAM!* His Name is an Answer to all the Questions and Difficulties, between *Hereditary*, and *Parliamentary Right*; his Name is the Charm against all the Attacks of a Party, to return us to Bondage and Slavery — He left us Liberty — Establish'd by Law — Founded upon Revolution, and begun in himself; his Head Contriv'd, his Hand Executed the compleat Deliverance of this Nation — He is the Angel with the flaming Sword, set to Guard the Gates of this Paradise, that Tyranny and Slavery, which he ruin'd out, may never more return: Providence, and King William, one as Agent, the other as Instrument, were join'd in that great Transaction — Inseparable in the Act, and Inseparable with Respect to us; for no sooner do we forget the last, but we Affront the first; and where ever

we shew our Contempt of the first, we fly in the Face of the last — Nor indeed, can we reproach the Memory of *K. William*, but we affront that Hand which so clearly and visibly appear'd in his Exaltation.

And how should we expect the Memory of the King should be respected, when such a Change in the Face of Things appears among us? — When the Revolution is blasted as a loathsome and abhor'd Invasion, and the Restoration of our Liberty is censur'd as a Hellish Breach of Loyalty; the Doctrine of *Non-Resistance*, which we now cry up with a Madness not to be accounted for, is only a Plot against the Revolution, and a plain Insult upon the Memory of *King William*?

Let all that love his Memory, abhor that accursed Imposture contriv'd to Upbraid HIM with an Unjust Invasion, whose Coming hither was at our Solemn Request, to deliver us from Distress, and the end, to be ungratefully abus'd for it — This Cheat, contriv'd to wheedle Nations, and betray Kings, durst not shew its Face, while *King William* liv'd, and had he liv'd still, the Party that espouse it, had never been able to lift up their Heads among us, much less insult the Nation, as now they do.

But he is Dead! Heaven remov'd him, that some People, who knew not how otherwise to Value him, might be Taught that Lesson, by the want of him. May all that have a Value for his Memory, set apart this Day, to rejoyce that they had a Deliverer; and Testify, that they are among the few, that know how to set a Price upon the Deliverance, and to preserve their Venerati-

on, for the Hand that wrought it — As for the Melancholly Times, in which this Glorious Planet set from our Hemisphere, I shall entertain you about that, on its proper Day.

Mean Time, you that are Friends to the Memory of *King William*, and to the Deliverance he Purchas'd for you, be not afraid Chearfully to Commemorate the Day, and repose in the Memory of the Man, whose Hand built up the Bulwark of your Liberty; nor be in the least Terrified with the Mobbs, Rabblings, and Fury of the Enemy; they are all but Testimohies of the Impenetrable Strength of the Constitution, which they Rage at, and in-vain Attack — And which shall stand, in Defiance of all their Malice; they may break your Windows, break your Heads, break the Peace, and fright your Women, but fear not, they will at last break themselves; the Work is too strong for all their Street Artillery to Batter, 'tis Fortify'd by Truth, Law, Justice, and Right, it will stand, and it shall stand for ever, the Gates of *Rome*, *France*, or *Hell*, cannot pull it down, or prevail against it; CONSTITUTION is the Word — It is the Check-Pear to the Party; God himself was the Director, and Glorious WILLIAM the Actor; give Praise to the first, and gratefully Honour the Remembrance of the last. — This will shew you are good Christians; and that will shew you are Honest Britains; and both will shew the Enemies that 'tis in vain for them to make the Attempt upon your Liberties; that they must miscarry, and will at last be undone. —